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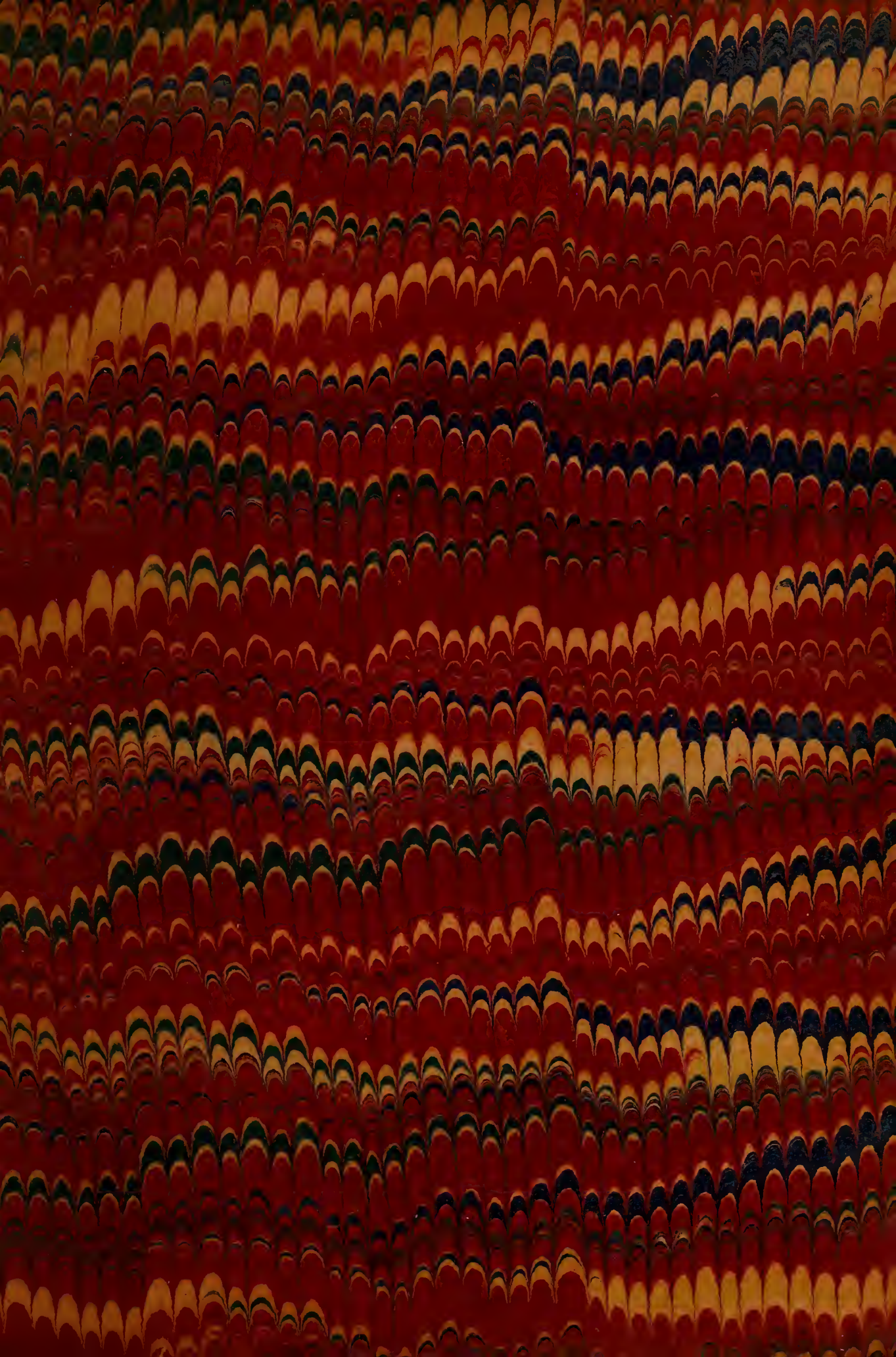
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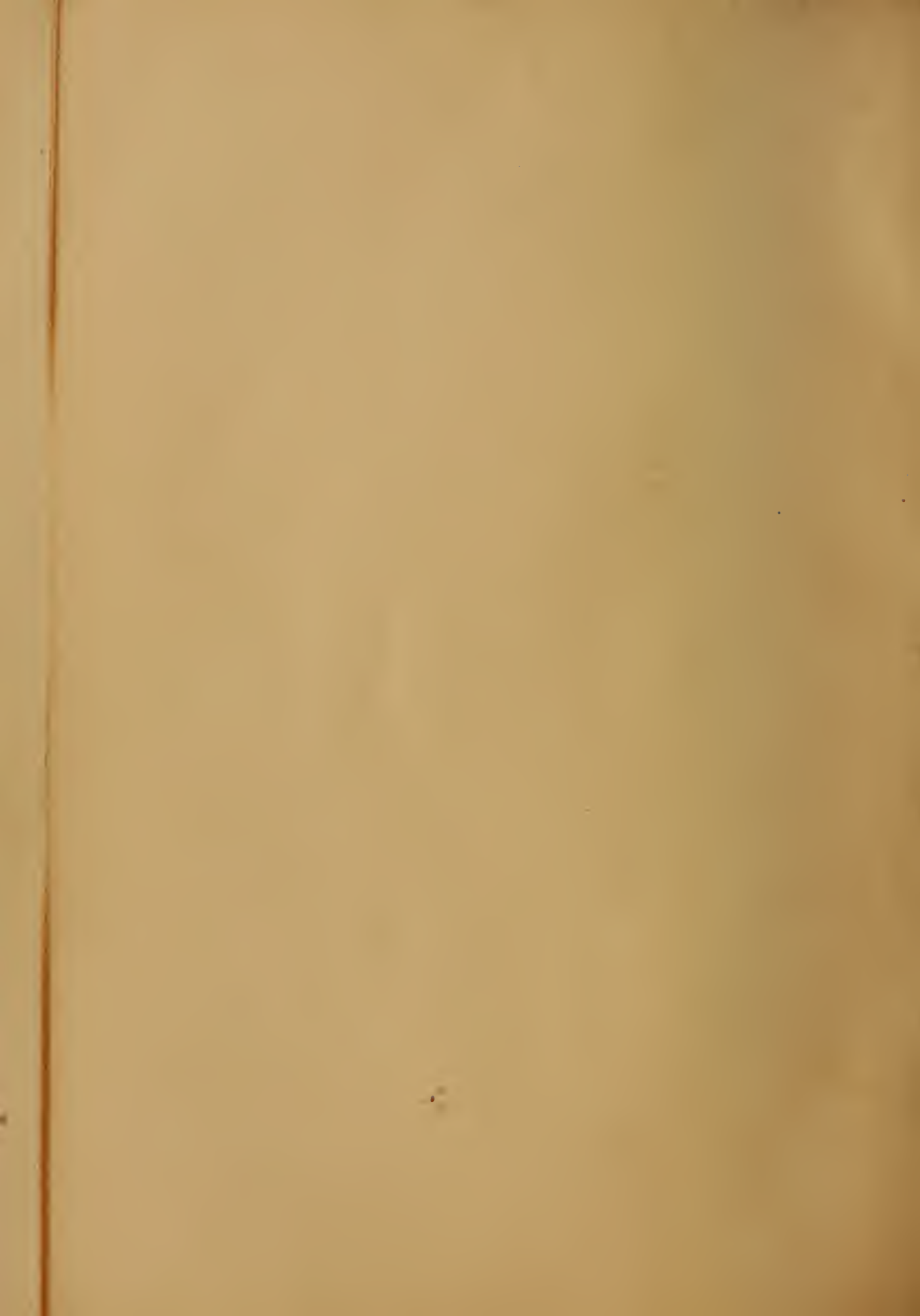
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1894

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE



“400”



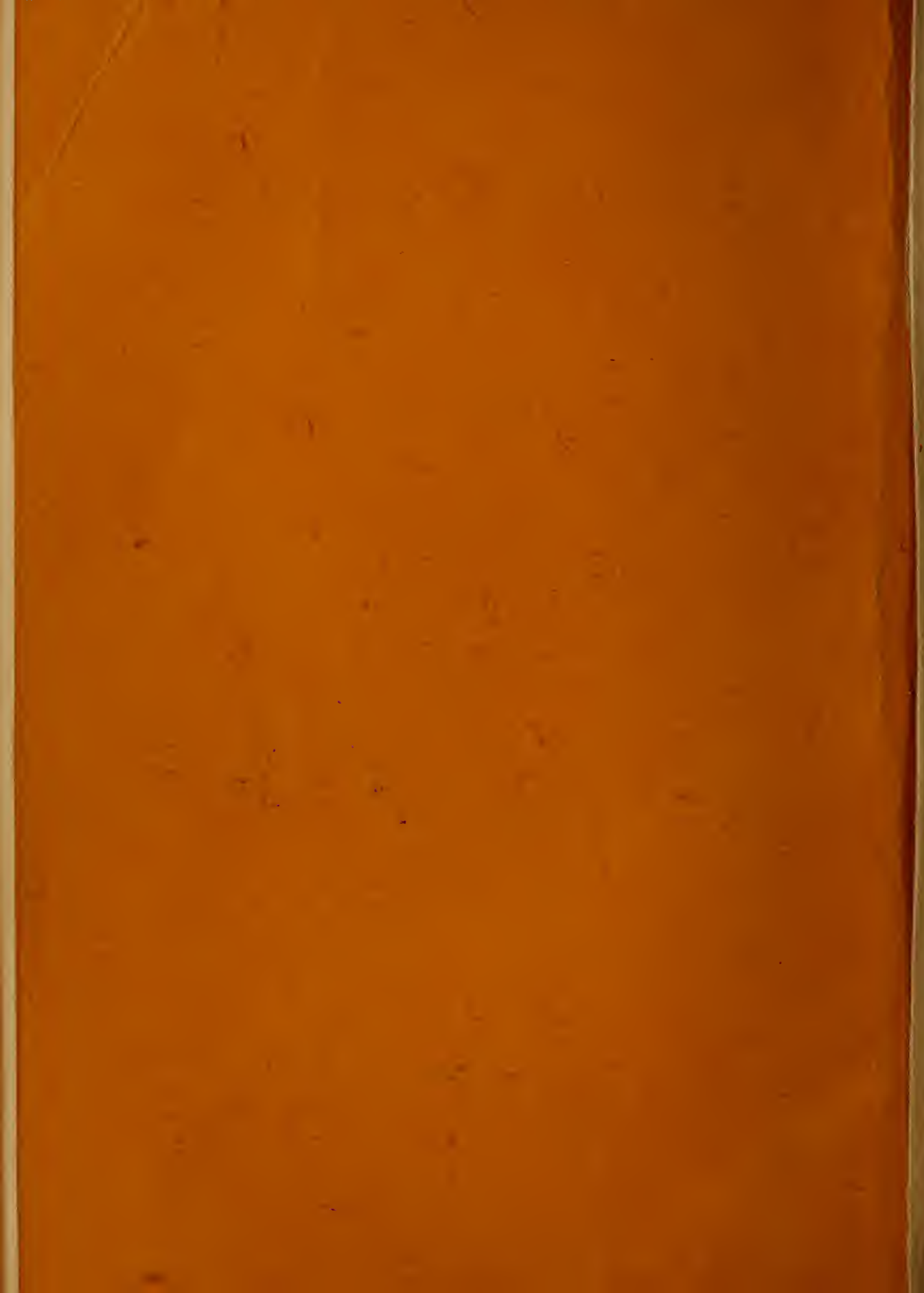
—AND—

OTHER POEMS

—BY—

JOHN B. LONAS.





THE "400"

...BEING NOTES ON...

TOPICS OF INTEREST

...FOR MANY...

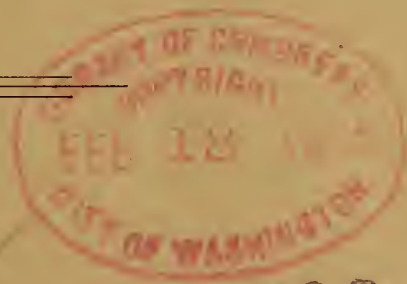
DAYS IN EVERY YEAR,

(400 LINES)

AND OTHER POEMS.

...BY...

JOHN B. LONAS.



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L73
1894

PREFACE.

In the preparing of this little work, I have endeavored to please, and mean no ill to any person, city or business, referred to; besides, I did it myself to gratify; and no one person can please all. There are city and country poems and songs, I hope you will more than get your money's worth, if you purchase the book. Its contents ought to hurt no one, any age, (however refined, sacred,) to read. 87 themes are written on, besides the many in the 1st poem.

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...THE 400...

A small part of this Medley happened in 1893-4, beginning May 1st, and written in accordance with where I resided, (Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., New York City and Ohio.) One line a day, in which I have endeavored to be concise.

MAY

The first of May ;
What can I say ;
A line a day ?
In poetry ?
Well, I'll see ;
May have it glee ;
Or a medley,
For you to see.

I am now in Washington, D. C.,
I came here the other day ;
I saw some beautiful scenery,
It was worth money.
This city 's very interesting,
Like showered with a blessing ;
Everything is progressing,
The finest in the nation.
The Capitol for beauty,
The White House, the Treasury ;
The Monument, the Library,
Plenty others make it wordy.

All talk World's Fair,
It's in the air ;
What is the fare ;
Admission when there.
If Columbus was here,
Might think it queer ;
And also dear,
To sight and ear.
'Twill be great sight,
Give many delight,
Who see it right.
By day or night.

JUNE

"United we stand,
Divided we fall ;" and
Columbus the grand,
Discovered American land ;
From way across the pond,
Indians he also found ;
With ready savage bound ;
Columbus returned, made his round.
Read Boone, the Hunter ; Indian slayer ;
And others will tell you more.

Many tears gave vent,
To Ford's Theatre accident ;
Twenty-three were killed,
And many were injured.

Infanta Eulalia, Spain's Princess,
Her picture in a ball-dress ;
In Washington, D. C.,
Where many it see ;
Prince, the Photographer,
Took it of her.

I'm leaving Washington to-day,
Am now in Philadelphia;
Its large and nice,
The eyes will suffice ;
Anything you want,
It is not vacant.
And deserves renown,
As a good American town.

JULY

The Independence Hall,
Public building and all ;
Many of great note,
Worthy here to quote.
Here the "bell" was rung,
And gave independence song.
Beside the hall we see,
Washington, who made us free ;
Great is his name,
Now, and forever the same.
Phila's a city, every way,
And has come to stay.

People in country at harvest,
Working hard and little rest ;
The healthful farmer's feats,
Man's sustenance and most he eats ;
Comes from him ; and wealth,
The nation's benefactor ; and health,
There they have it now ;
From tree, from ground, from cow ;
Fresh, anything that grows.
Without farmer, how live ? No one knows.

Many people are dying,
The sun's rays are trying ;

As its God gives birth,
He also takes from earth.
Deaths are to be so,
The time, age to go.

Prince George and Princess May,
Were married the other day ;
Blessed, blessed, be their lot,
One great, another great—got.
Both have high office work,
Now Duke and Duchess of York.

AUG.

I came to New York to-day,
All time will pass away ;
This city as first-class,
Is truth and will pass.
N. Y., N. Y., the greatest city of all
In the U. S.,—how can it fall ?
And with Brooklyn in view,
Jersey City—Hoboken, too ;
Well, (in short order)
About the same as together.
The Brooklyn Bridge, great buildings,
Once, twice, three, and a going ;
My opinion sold, for pleasure or work,
I'd cheer ; hurrah, for New York.
Now a little about fruit,
And other things to suit ;
This city with any will fare,
In quantity and quality anywhere ;
That grows from tree or seed,
And anything you need,
To eat, drink or wear,
At prices fair and square.
Great preachers, editors, orators,

Publishers, writers and workers.
See the ferries, ships and boats,
That o'er rivers and the ocean floats.
Why ! man, see the people N. Y. contains ;
Streets almost crowded even when it rains.

SEPT.

There's some depression now in business,
Employment scarce, makes some idleness ;
But the city is awake, opens it door,
And gives much bread to the poor.
Thus, hunger appeased ; lives saved by bread,
Isn't a rose for the living, worth a dozen for the dead?
The Theatrical Stars will play,
For the city's free bread fund to-day ;
Forty pretty girls from Rice's "1492,"
Is a lot of beauty to see, too.

This, the glorious Sabbath day,
Like he who leaves his labor lay, (week work)
And when Monday morning's sun does come,
He's at his labor in walk or run.
Feeling bright all in his way,
Because he rested on the Sabbath day.
Not like he who kept going on,
Toiling, weary in body and limb ;
Sunday as soul, to the body is best
At night, after labor, giving it rest.

Business doors open on the Sabbath day,
The next week less enter in their way ;
This holds good ten out of eleven,
More is done in six days, than in the seven.
So, ye who break the Sabbath day,
Remember, God made it and will have his way ;
Greedy is he, who cannot rest,
(After six days labor) with plenty blest.

The weather is getting colder now,
 The farmer's laid away his plow ;
 And for his cattle is cutting corn,
 To feed in winter's cold and storm.
 Next, picking apples and making cider,
 Boiling butter and making vinegar ;
 Then husking corn, then getting wood,
 Then by the fire, he's a livelihood.
 Not much to do, but to feed,
 Morning and even'g and to read ;
 The news that comes from the great, great press,
 That he could read, if in a wilderness.
 Meaning, this he can read, if not in town,
 The editors get it from the world around ;
 All he needs, is a small sum pay,
 And gets a paper every day.
 Earth (the ground) to man was given,
 If he works it, can make a living ;
 But so many want to live in town.
 There it's crowded, overflowing,
 Particularly cities like New York ;
 They cannot give the whole world work.
 So, some must live next to starving ;
 For work to friends first is given.
 The country has room, good water, pure air,
 Young man, with spouse, why not go there.
 With a wife, a pipe ; on a farm you love,
 You may be envied by many who cities rove.
 The great "yacht" race, a short time ago,
 World against world, do you know ?
 After races three, Valkyrie gave it up,
 And Vigilant (a pride) retains America's Cup.
 Long may she live, as America's pride,
 The cup to save, the ocean to glide.

NOV.

I expected to go to the World's Great Fair,
But by a misunderstanding, I did not get there ;
So, now it is over, at a great expence,
For so little time people had to go hence.
Would it been unwise to have had it another summer?
By "moving" only what would "freeze" in the winter.
To tear down those buildings, for so little time and money,
Would be a little unwise and not show economy.
But the White City is vanishing, so let it go,
They made 1,000,000 dollars or so ;
But might have doubled it in another year,
But they'd made a law to close it, I hear.
Now books and pictures will not be rare,
Of the great, now past, World's Fair.
Don't buy the first, they will be high,
Thereafter improved, more pleasing to the eye.

That notable chair in New York,
On which George Washington used to write ;
Is indeed a sight and will please the eye,
Being old, yet new, from a man who couldn't tell a lie.

Cold weather makes faster walkers,
And in the country, less riders ;
They'd rather walk to keep warm,
Than ride in winter's storm.

I'm on my way now from New York,
In Canton, Ohio, I will work ;
I've seen three cities large and fine,
But Canton will do to pass my time ;
Its not as big as the other ones,
But fast increasing with new homes.

DEC.

And as far as size is concerned,
It is big enough, I have learned.
Now, in the country some sights I see,
That are natural and also free :
Go where you will, be in what city you may ;

It is pleasant in the country, now and then a day.

Just see the "acres," of buildings bare,
Where poor might build and be happy there.

Yea, yes, a hole in the ground, like that of a cave,
Is better with plenty, than nourishment crave.

"Help the Poor," is an old, old song,
Then why not "buy" of them, as we go along;

On the streets are many that have much for sale,
Much that we need, that they'd gladly sell.

Buying of the poor is not giving for nothing,
It is merely aiding, doing something.

A meal in a hotel, with silver knife and fork,
Tastes no better than on the street, or where you work;

And quite a difference in the "cost" there will be,
Think of "building, tax, insurance, rent," see.

Well, I'm now in the country; butchering is going
on;

We've sausage, pudding, pork in every form.

Big meetings have begun, as is usually the case,
When such good things to eat on the table take place.

Not like at times, when there's mush and milk,
As preachers are not often at such meals I think;

Though George Washington liked it now and then,
And preferred it to sweets, once at an Inn.

Christmas Day has come and gone;
Did you spend it abroad or at home?

Did you spend it as usual, right,
Or eat so much you couldn't sleep at night?

JAN.

1894, the New Year, is now before thee,
Remember, joy, sorrow, marriage and death is destiny;

There cannot be happiness without alloy,
And marriage is fate to every girl and boy.

It is merely waiting, going around,
Until some one, or no one is found.

Death at "one" age would not be right,
'Twould then be known when we'd take our flight.

So its much better that we do not know,
When the time will come, we must go.

Hard Times, the cause, if you must know,
I'll tell you several hints or so;

The population is increasing so fast,
That hard times must and will last.

No man on earth can contrive a way,
To "change" it when thousands are coming ev'ry day;

When to one country spouse ten are born,
In how many pieces is a small farm torn.

The person that has no children to support,
Is generally contented and has more sport;

Don't need so much of this world's goods,
May enjoy it better and have good food.

So urge not marriage to the poor,
If you'd keep them from the alms-house door;

In fact there "must" be poor it can't be helped,
"Nature" has it and Drink is gulped.

But there's needy poor, from north to south,
The world should feed their hungry mouth;

Hard times must and will last,
Machinery takes the place of men in the past.

FEB.

Workers being plenty, everything is cheap,
As many will work for just enough to eat;
So the farmer gets along, does his work himself,
Laborers rush to the city, where there's not work for
half.

The farmer with his tools raises a large crop,
Everything in abundance and cheap that he's got;
So everything is plenty, no work for the poor,
Farms are mortgaged; city, sheriff closed the door.
Now, some poor need a place, governed by discipline,
Giving work to all, every being.

Giving no one more than clothes and board,
Medical attendance, no money to hoard;
No unnecessary drink to any one,
Thus, with temperance and labor, hard times is gone.
That the population is increasing you may easily
know,

How was it 1893 years ago.

Love for one another gives the desire,
To give the same food, rather than leave expire.

Without love for another, only for self,
The most miserable is he, regardless of self;
He may have heaps of silver, heaps of gold,
He is not respected, and always cold.
His money may give him his clothes and board,
And when he's gone, others eat his hoard.
This is one way of living, to satisfy desire,
To get what does no good, after we expire;
Generally, those who love others, love God, as well,
Get a home in heaven, not in hell.
That home is forever, not like here,
Probably only a day, maybe only a year.

MAR.

Now is the time, we may speak of La Grippe,
That so many lives from earth does nip;
One thing necessary for you to do,
Begin on it, when it begins on you.
Gargle well the throat, if sore, any way,
Keep bowels regular every day;
Grease nose and forehead with what it needs,
Take balsam for lungs, if you've short winds.
For throat, use water, salt and brandy,
In common, use licorice, (its root) use hoarhound candy.
On nose and forehead put warm tallow or lamp oil;
Exercise, bathe feet; keep warm, if you'd live awhile.
Avoid sour apples, if you've La Grippe;
They'll make you worse, every bite you eat.
And all fruit near like it, is not good.
Drink plenty of water, you'll eat less fruit;
But not at meal time, an hour or so before,
This gives time for digestion, and aids much more.

Another malady that is "old,"
Is taken easy, that is Cold.
This may seem simple, but just take care,
It may take you to bed and bring a doctor there.
Treat it much the same as you would La Grippe,
Paying most attention to where it does hit;
Keep warm, both day and in night time,
Remember, a stitch in time may save you nine.

For constipation use licorice root,
Drink freely, an hour before you eat.
Eat plenty of fruit, when for it you crave,
Eat nothing you don't want, from cradle to grave.
The palate will judge this for you,
And you'll know exactly what to do.

APR.

In dress, look most to comfort and health,
For Pride may increase the doctor's wealth;
I've heard a man say, after winter was spent,
I wore plain, warm clothes and gave not a cent,
To any doctor, and have been well.
While fine clothes disease on many did tell.
One thing necessary for you to do,
Is study yourself, that disease, don't know you.
Many books and papers things do tell,
That may save you money and keep you well;
We've machinery to run to give us wealth,
And our own should know to give us health.
To labor, everyone must use a tool,
And this is machinery I've learned in school.

Biz—tell not another what you are going to do,
Just do the work intended by you;
When this is done, you are ahead,
If known by others, they might you mislead.
Many a work, from which others had light.
By them was knocked flat, or higher than a kite;
There are riches on earth, and poverty too;
Learning is necessary to bring success to you.

Dress—not wealth, but self esteem, 's why people
fine,
Some would not dress nice, if half the world was
their'n;
From 17 to 40, some like to put on,
If manhood and money they do own;
And about this time, or sometime before,
"Some" of us, if we could wear it, might buy a whole
store.

Love—love is hard to restrain,
 It seems to be man's greatest gain;
 To wed the one he truly loves,
 If he to her as favorable proves.
 Both to sight and to ear,
 She seems to him most dear;
 Far better he'd live a wedded life,
 If "this" way, than without a wife.

Fun—if you'd other people please,
 Try to wear a cheerful face;
 'Tis the merry, go around,
 The voice that gives a pleasant sound;
 And does not speak of others' ills,
 That takes the cake on plains and hills.

Is marriage a failure? No 'tis not,
 If love causes both to tie the knot;
 But if for money or home, it is a "miss,"
 It is wedding misery, but not bliss.
 There must be love; love, how could you your hand
 give?
 Without your heart; "pshaw!" you'd better single
 live,
 Her words and acts then are sweet, the sweetest of
 them all,
 We buy her clothes and things to eat, without any
 pains at all.
 And when night comes. the time to rest, we do not
 care to roam,
 For there is one we are "happy" with, and makes a
 pleasant home;
 If you truly think your wife, is as beautiful as the
 morn,
 And her words and actions never do scorn;
 Prize her above all others, no difference where you are
 You'll find marriage not a failure, no! not so by far.
 The same with "women," that desire a man,
 Always marry for love, if you possibly can.

JUNE.

Your kind words and treatment do good and no harm
Will bring better returns than a mansion or farm,
With misery with them, if you marry for "home,"
No happiness there, or where you roam;
Like living in a pen; never in clover,
Ah! 400 is done, and two lines over.

POEMS.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

(A SONG.)

I've traveled hills and mountains, I've traveled vales
and sand;
But found no place I love as well, as my own native
land.

It seems when we're at home awhile, we want to go
abroad;
But when away a month or so, we love the homeward
road.

Then we "love" the house, we "love" the barn, and
everything around;
Because, "us" it seems as well to know and gives a
welcome bound.

('Tis supposed the bound is felt and enjoyed.)

AN ARMY BATTLE.

(DEDICATED TO G. A. R. ENCAMPMENTS.)

The muskets crack, the cannon roar,
Then men left dying, or else sore.

The bayonets pierce, the swords do cut,
This's how a battle, is made up.

It's not pugilistic, not so by far;
It's oft 4 to 1 in a war.

Terrible, terrific must it be,
Such a terrible sight to see;
Worse yet, yes a good deal,
Must it be, such a thing to feel.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

(PLEAD OF A LITTLE GIRL.)

Down in the valley, hear me cry,
Oh, where I live;
Between the hills that are so high,
And little for toil do give.

Down in the valley, hear me cry,
Give me daily bread;
Protect me when there's danger nigh,
In day-light, or in bed.

Thieves and tramps this country roam,
They love a wilderness;
They break into many a home,
And take all they possess.

BE CAREFUL WHO YOU WED.

(YOUNG MAN.)

If its a wife you would get,
Be sure she is the one;
You can love and protect,
Then leave all others alone.

For women much hate to know,
They are wedded for a home;
If with others you would go,
Give love that they should own.

You'd better by far, single remain,
Than such a life to live;
If you'd expect proper gain,
For 'twould much misery give.

THERE SHALL BE WARS.

We have a war now and then,
To satisfy wills of some men;
Who are born to be famous there,
As the bible says, there shall be war.

We have a war now and then,
All for a worldly gain;
Bullets and bayonets people thin,
Leaving more for those who remain.

We have a war now and then,
The cause, though some may scoff;
We know its destiny, when,
We think of the many it takes off.

One man is destined to become
One thing another, another;
No one man can this world run,
It takes them all together.

HOW IS IT?

I struck ——— just about noon,
Though the town didn't shake a bit;
It was full of dust, yet there was room,
For the little bit of a poet.

I told them if they'd give me a chance,
Some little work for pay;
I might know some things, that came by chance,
All in the way of poetry.

That might in time help build the town,
And put it in a way,
That long after this it would own,
That a poet came here to-day.

He gave great cheer; he loved the town,
He boomed it in his way;
The people came, like in a swarm,
And settled every day.

But, my friends, time of the above,
I had not yet been over the town;
And as I afterward didn't it love,
I did not settle down.

So, Neobust Nackberth, how it is,
I've never since inquired;
Whether it is so low, that people it hiss,
Or high, that as heaven admired.

HELP THE RICH HOARDING.

(NOT UNCOMMON SAYINGS MADE POETICAL.)

O, help the poor, as you go along,
The sick, and those who are not strong.

What will your property do you good, when you are
dead and gone?
You leave it all behind you, you take nothing along.

There is a dog, he is fat, because he is well fed,
He's buried enough that might have kept many
that are *dead.

So with some rich now-a-days, they eat and hoard
alone,
While many are starving every day, they wouldn't
give a bone (soup-bone.)

No, wouldn't give a bone, wouldn't give a bone,
While many are starving every day, they wouldn't
give a bone.

*starved.

A FOOT TRAVELER.

(BESEECH,)

(The following is supposed to be a Traveler, without money in the mountains, who would rather do favors for the poor, than ask nourishment of them for nothing.)

Give, O, give to the poor,
Rather than take away:
As you go along,
Every day.

If you want a piece;
To stay over night;
See the rich,
Those places that look bright.

Give, give to the poor,
Rather than take away;
Wherever you roam,
Wherever you stay.

LIFE—DEATH—LIFE.

I saw a cloud, the color of gold, like a mountain in
the sky,
It made me think of the heaven beyond, for those
who on God rely.

Then slowly it sank behind another, another one of
blue,
Like the face of one in life, will change to a deathly
hue.
Then behold, up rose the moon, behind this cloud of
blue,
Just as if it must be seen, and I was to tell you.

(We suppose the gold color cloud to be a person. Its sinking behind the blue the person's death. The rising of the moon, life again to the person in heaven.)

THE DUTIFUL HORSE.

Like the horse, that's been well fed,
Willingly walks to the field;
At command of his rider, Ned,
And does what he is told.

So we should all improve the time,
That we are clothed and fed;
That hills and vales we need not climb,
In olden times to beg our bread.

THE DISBELIEVER.

Hell will be open, ready to receive,
All those who disbelieve;
They'll now be slow to open their eyes,
But they'll never enter the heavenly skies.
This is an old song, they may say,
But they'll find it all new, surely some day.

SOMETHING NEW.

Tell us something we don't know,
In literary, I have just been thinking so;
The city should the country read,
And the country should the city know.

TRAVELING IN THE COUNTRY.

Between the hills, down in the vales,
Now and then there'll be,
A little home, that might tell tales,
Of happiness or misery.

Glorious beauty must there be,
Way up in the skies;
To look down on this country,
Ah, like unto paradise.

In the forests, on the hills so high,
A little home you see;
Just enough to make you sigh,
I wish I there could be.

But still we go, we seldom stop,
Our biz is traveling round;
Step by step, down and up,
Leaving all behind,

AS WE SEE, OR FEEL.

The many freaks of nature, caused by different
objects viewed, or, our own feelings, gives the differ-
ent themes in poetry. This is why we are sometimes
a little jolly or serious; good or bad in our writings.

CRITICISM.

Should "authors" care for criticism,
In anything they write;
Except spelling and punctuation,
If they express their ideas right?

I tell you just how I think,
Just like all authors do;
This is how we have a world of thought,
Not only "one" book to know.

If all the natures you would capture,
You'd have to know them well;
From a christian to a sinner,
All in the "world" I'll tell.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is a little place,
Just above the skies;
Where people live, they are first-class,
From this world, there arise.

Not first-class in getting rich,
But in word, in act, in heart;
They love their God, do what is right,
Before from here they part.

I'VE COMPANY EVERY DAY.

I have company every day with me; its not a lad or
a lass;
Its not a man or a wife, its my pocket looking glass.
Whenever I want to see a man, with who, I always
get along,
I just take out my looking glass, look in, and that will
tell the song.

And when I want to do some work, literary I mean,
Its the best of company to have along, for I love to be
alone.

THE OLD LOG CABIN, 1800.

(Buildings as we Have'm, 1894.)

In olden times there was a home,
People call it a log cabin now;
It was plain in figure, with little room,
But people loved it, anyhow.

Money was scarcer than to-day,
There were less people then,
But the buildings now are to take money away
For they're as crooked as a frizzly hen.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

O, the world is so nice,
As you walk around you see,
The country seems a Paradise,
When you're once used to the city.

You see it better as you walk,
The trains go so fast,
You'll find fresh air, and the people talk,
The impression will always last.

The city's crowded, many have said,
Though there's many fine people there,
Some are worthless, and must be fed
By the intelligent, who better fare.

THE LAST EVENING 1893.

Good-bye old year, I'm going to bed,
To try to sleep the time away,
And in the morning to raise my head,
To New-Year, I trust and pray.

For 12 months I've been with you,
Except a few hours to night,
In the morning, I'll see the new,
If all goes right.

Good-bye old year, you're almost through,
Your hair's as white as snow,
Old age will get the best of you,
Before the morning sun does show.

Good-bye old year, you'll soon quit work,
We've been together, both bright and sad,
In Washington, Philadelphia and N. York,
Enjoying another like thee, would make me
glad.

THE GRASS WILL GROW.

Sinner hesitate not to make your peace with God,
In a year a grave for you may be covered with sod.

Do not think there is no hell, there is, and a heaven
too,
One or the other, when you are dead, will take care
of you.

Do not think I write to scare, you can do as you please,
But as you live you will fare, at the end of your days.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

There is trouble everywhere, no difference where you
go,
You'll find it in fine weather, in rain, or in snow.

Even if you'd have wings, could fly like a bird,
Go to some country that you've never seen or heard.

Where you didn't know a person, no one did know
you,
You'd find you'd have trouble, no difference what
you'd do.

It's not always of one kind, one way or some other,
Whether you're single, double, on land or on water.

DON'T RUN DOWN THE WORLD.

Don't run the world down to me,
Its beauty in itself,
All I can I want to see,
As long as I have life.

Don't run it down to any one,
Let everybody have fair play ;
To see and hear what is done,
Till their souls are taken away.

Leave everybody go ahead,
As natural they will do,
(Some are backward, others take the lead,)
Till all time is through.

THE UNLOVED MAN.

When women do not care for men,
He does not care for dress ;
Just as if abandoned, then ;
Like living in a wilderness.

He walks the streets in old clothes,
He seldom thinks of love ;
What he thinks, he only knows,
He only cares to rove.

No one place can keep him long,
He goes from town to town ;
He'd rather be where he's not known,
Than with friends to settle down.

Some are wealthy but do not dress,
They think it is no use ;
They keep their money in their purse,
Because, there's no love to keep it loose.

HOW I DID FLY.

Last night I flew round in the air,
Holding a paper in my mouth ;

Flying without wings, 'way up there,
East or west, north or south.

It seemed I tired of my home,
And wanted to go away ;

As if fearing some unpleasant doom ;
I could fly, from my foes, stay.

It also seemed, some wanted me, catch ;
As they were after me ;

While I was low, (over a potato patch,)
"Shocked," I awoke, "and was free."

[Dec. 23, 93.]

MODERN ASTRONOMY.

(Telling his Wife.)

The sun is always going, my dear,
Always going around ;
We've light when it rises here,
Darkness, when below the ground.

The world does never move, my dear,
Its always standing still ;
If it went 'round, I fear,
Our buildings the air would fill.

We live in this world, my dear,
Not on the outside ;
For by the Bible, I hear,
We go from in it not from outside.

THE UNLOVED WOMAN.

(A Shade of Discontent.)

I do not care for dress,
I do not care to go away ;
I'd love to live in a wilderness,
For I've no friends to-day.

There's no one seems to care for me,
Except to run me down ;
There's no bright hopes I see,
I'd love to live alone.

With horses, cattle and sheep,
With chickens, turkeys and swine,
With plenty good things to eat,
I would spend my time.

For people I care no more,
Some only my property crave,
And would gladly open a door,
That would lead me to a grave.

So, let me live alone,
In a forest between two hills,
With a dog to share my home,
He cannot speak any ills.

THE BEES.

The bees are working, flying away,
To return with some honey ;
Thy are too wise to loaf and pine,
So they prepare for winter time ;
When it is too cold for them to work,
And the ground is bare of what they eat ;
Young man, if idle, think of this ;
Work while you're young, when old you can't.

THE SHOE.

A shoe is worthless without a foot,
It never can be worn,
(So is it to boot ;)
With it, its tattered and torn.

The shoe dealer knows this well,
He likes to foot his stock ;
It makes his business tell,
And brings his money back.

LEAVING A SWEETHEART.

(Going Away.)

Oh Minnie, dear Minnie, don't think ill of me,
For I part with you, no not in glee;
It often pains me, and that to the marrow,
For love is love, leaving you is sorrow.

THE PROPOSAL AND BETROTHAL.

Says I to Jennie, I love you,
Says Jennie to me, I love you too.
Says I to Jennie, now I must go,
Says Jennie to me, I won't tell you to.
Says I to Jennie, the moon is bright,
And I will go while it is light.

Says I to Jennie, there was a time,
I would have gladly had you to be mine,
Says Jennie to me, why, what's up now,
That you speak so coldly to me, somehow?
Says I to Jennie, I don't mean it so,
I'm now just the same, as that 'time ago.'

Says I to Jennie, * * * *
* * * * * *

Says Jennie to me, * * * *
* * * * * *

Says I to Jennie, you've a lovely hand,
Here's a little ring, as a betrothal band.

(The answer to the sly young man's intended proposal, is pretty well assured beforehand. See lines 9, 10.)

JUST THINK.

When we are lying in bed,
Soon after we retire,
How easy a prayer is said,
That may keep us from hell-fire.

For, before the morning sun,
Will rise in the skies,
We may be numbered—one,
That never shall arise.

For, if we in the past,
Committed many a sin,
In hell we may be cast,
In heaven we can't get in:

So, put your trust in God,
Do as you think best,
Keeping the narrow (biblical) road,
And he will do the rest.

The Bible the same does mean,
Live wherever you may crave,
If you put your trust in him,
He will your souls save.

IN THE CEMETERY.

(All Gone.)

Why is it graves go down,
Tombs break and fall?
There's no one left to them own,
All dead,—all gone.

SABBATH BREAKERS.

We will give two callings; but there are plenty of others just the same.

Some farmers:—

He's 'round on the farm, doing some kind of work,
Says it must be done; (but this is just a shirk.)

Some storekeepers:—

He has his door open, just like in the week,
Says some people 'haint time, (but this is just a sneak.)

Years roll on, you hear of sheriff's sales,
And three out of five, its these men that fails.

Why is it so? Well God is boss,
And we must him obey, or suffer loss.

Somehow or other it will not go ;
In many ways we see ;
We do not know what makes it so,
But I think it is iniquity.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR.

At the Depot:—

A train pulls out,—there's something in the air,
It goes on its way,—ah, there's another coming there.

Mid-Winter:—

The year is growing,—there is something in the air,
It keeps toward ending,—ah, tomorrow is New Year.

Old Age:—

You're getting old, your hair is grey,—there's something in the air,
Your pulse much longer can't obey,—see, your great grandchild's daughter there.

Trains, Time and Age will move,
The same again will come,
One from stay is drove,
For the other to make room.

THAT BOOK.

That book was never published yet,
That all in it pleased in general,
Some will like a part of it,
But the rest is left as idle.

Some will not purchase a book
At any price at all,
So don't expect me to look,
Any wiser than any of all

ROLLING AND SHEET MILLS.

(Dedicated to the Laborers.)

I RESPECT these men, they WORK,
Their work is very hard;
Great heat causes much sweat,
Many loud noises are heard.

But go along, young man,
'Tis best you do your duty;
Earn the money while you can,
Old age will be more lovely.

THE FAITH CURE.

There's "good" in the Faith Cure,
If you've belief, or (and) pray for yourself;
No difference how rich or poor,
You can, by trying, like anything else.

If you cannot tell it in words,
The right "thoughts" will "do"
And will bring better "rewards,"
Than others "praying" for you.

If you have not "conscience" to pray,
You may have no faith to "believe;"
Then, no difference what "others" say,
God will you nothing give.

So stand, kneel, or sit, (as you please,)
In secret or public to pray,
You can speak or "think," (suit your ease.)
"Answer" will be as deemed best, (they say.)

U. S. NAVY YARD.

First a flag is waving over all,
The front is closed with a brick wall.

The building's color is yellow and green,
And beautiful trees may be seen.

Should the Nation get warning calls,
There are the cannon, with deadly balls.

Soldiers walking up and down,
Their muskets glittering in the sun.

Beautiful steamers on the river glide,
Up and down by its side.

Horses standing in the sun,
Trees are shedding, the look of a worm,

This poem comes from—don't say a "Pard,"
But from a visit to the Navy Yard.

Washington, D. C., April 1893.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

(Philadelphia, Pa.)

Well, of all that's natural on this earth,
That exists, of ground and stone,
Trees, walks, water, etc.,
This Park is surely at home.

At home, I mean by its great beauty ;
A beautiful spot on earth,
That will please the eyes, and awaken to duty,
What nature can have birth.

This is not all "Man" has done,
A good deal to its glory,
Great improvements he's put thereon,
Which makes it a place of study.

And as I walk around this park,
O, I think it fine ;
I've never seen in day or night,
For beauty, anything near this kind.

If you have the blues, don't feel well ;
Nothing pleasant you find,
A walk in this Park will tell,
'Twill please the eyes and mind.

SHE WAS LOST AT SEA. (Song.)

A lover calls, (after a year's absence in a foreign country,) and is told the following by his sweetheart's father.

She was coming home, coming home, from a tour
around the world,
But was lost at sea, lost at sea.

While on the deck, on the deck, merrily looking
around,
She was swept away, swept away, swept away.

The waves they dashed, the waves they splashed, and
all could not be found,
So, she's lost to you and me, to you and me.

TWO RIDES AT ONCE.

A little girl swinging in a boat,
She smiles, laughs,—loves to do it,
“Another,” as pretty, looking on,—
(Deeply) pleasantly, waiting her turn.

LITTLE BIRDIE (Bird.)

Little birdie jumps about,
Merrily at break of day,
As if perchance to find a crumb,
Or for its nest, some hay.

When you're sitting in the park,
Idling time away,
It comes so close, seems to impart,
Get up and work to-day.

Help, One Another.

(The Inventor.)

Keep the world a moving,
Keep open each other's eyes,
By inventing or improving,
In whatever your business lies.

Don't work for self alone,
Aid another who needs help,
Many have gained a home,
By taking part in others' work.

It Draws from the Hand.

Some time ago, I carried my money loose ;
But lately I bought of a woman a purse.
You know 'tis said, women are more liberal than men.
They'll spend 20 dollars, 'till a man will ten.
I b'lieve it is so, and "draws from the hand ;"
For I am more liberal, my money won't stand ,
Ever since I bought that purse of the woman,
I b'lieve I'm same as women in spending.
"Whoop-a-la," if I don't soon throw that purse away,
I'll have no money for "in" it, some day.
Washington, D C.

My Own 'Vangeline.

(The Girl some Like.)

Of all the girls that I do see, at most any time,
There's none around that pleases me, like my own
'Vangeline.

She loves no piano or a book,— but me and her work.
She knows how to sew, how to cook; wash, and iron
a shirt.

She stays at home, and helps her Ma, and don't idle
on the streets,
She has the love of her Pa, and all that she does meet.

That's the kind of girl I like, and she will be mine,
Before another month goes 'round, she's my wedded
'Vangeline.

A Morning Walk.

(Mother and Little Girl.)

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many show windows.

Come now, we'll take a walk,
Down the park, as we talk ;
And hear what little birds do say,
Then return for the day.

God has made them to sing,
O, the little, beautiful thing ;
It flies so nice in the air,
Rejoices hearts everywhere.

It comes to your window or your door,
As if for a crumb, if not any more,
Give it this, it will not fear,
And come nearer, nearer dear.

Then in the morning when you rise,
It gives a thought of Paradise,
Its beautiful song up in a tree,
Asking like God, "Come, hear me."

And as it sings the time away,
It gives a thought, that we do pray ;
Asking his guidance, make you do right,
From the morning till the night.

A Peacemaker.

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many show windows.

In a field so green by the river side,
There sat a maiden and her lover,
(Some words are not always tied,)
They parted, from some cause or other.

Another maiden gliding by,
A truly cross word hater,
By peaceful words she did try
To bring them back together.

O, love, my friend, said she,
Why hast thou turned to hate(r)?
Come back! come back, with me,
I am a Peace Maker.

The Last Look.

(In the Mirror.)

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many show windows.

When the streets are dry and the weather fair,
Some one's dressing,—arranging her hair;
It's the maiden; after the last look,
Shines like a diamond, or a neat bound book.

As she glides upon the street, going up or down,
Many gents see her, and without a frown,
They see her coming, and pass by,
And may yet turn to please the eye.

If love at first, (well, e're we close the book,)
They'll turn again, to take The Last Look.

Thanksgiving Day.

O, give thanks unto the Lord,
Call upon his name;
Come, now, with one accord,
He's paid you for the same.

Look at your beautiful crops,
(He's given you plenty to eat,)
In "vale," on hill,—mountain tops,
Work being your only feat.

So give thanks unto the Lord,
On this Thanksgiving day;
Come, now, with one accord,
In the best—the holiest way.

Watching the Cow. (A Song.)

O, down by the wood, between the mountains, in a
field,

There is a little girl, trying to force a cow to yield
From eating of the corn, of which she'd have full
sway,

If that dear little girl did'nt keep her away.

As the girl was born poor, they have only one field.

And corn and grass being its only yield ;
With no fence between to keep the cow away,
And the little girl must watch every day.

O, fine city girl, you that do the cars ride,
How would you like in such a place to abide?

If you are not happy, you need not fear,
Your company's more pleasant, than the little girl's
there.

The World's Before You.

The following is intended for those who are envious; grudgy of
others because they got a home from their parents, and did not work
for it. A voice from Peace.

Well, you may be a Father some day,
The world's before you, the world's a prize.
Go to work in your own way,
You may lay a home before your children's eyes.

Then do not blame my dear father,
Who is dead and gone,
Because he worked and saved together;
And gave his children a home.

For, he was once a poor man
Didn't have a cent ;
But, with mental and bodily labor together,
Did get rich, on which he was bent.

If The Devil Came to Cleveland.

If the devil came to Cleveland,
What do you think he'd see,

Books—that if he came to Chicago,
(Why. then, there of course he'd be.)

Now, if the devil came to Chicago,
Don't you think he'd pity
Those very men that there did go,
And burnt the World's Fair City.

He's well acquainted with such fires,
And of hotter ones could tell;
And if such men keep up their ires,
They may find them out in hell.

Its a "shame,"
On Nation and home,
That some, through envy, will burn
Another town, to build their own.

The Best Drink.

It maketh no one drunk ;
It agreeth with the health ;
It maketh no unnatural spunk ,
It retaineth wealth.

It agreeth with the blood,
And the world's test has stood.

It agreeth with inner man,
It agreeth with a daughter ;
Well, what is it, then,
Bless your s-o-u-l, its water.

Jacklin Peter

(And his Mule-Horse.)

Jacklin Peter was riding a horse,
A mule that did him scoff ;
She whirled and kicked, a furious course,
But could not throw him off.

She reared straight up, flew around,
She looked funny in the air ;

But had to come "down," to touch the ground,
And still she found him there.

Then she stood, and would not budge,
She thought he wanted to "go,"
He got his "paper," as a grudge,
And "read" an hour or so,

This made the mule so furiously mad,
She dropped right on the ground,
Then Jacklin Peter was very glad,
To get up and walk around.

For by the fall, he broke his neck,
Right above his head;
And the mule laid "laughing" at the trick,
Until she went to bed.

Nature Remains.

Man may be governed by force of Law,
A weaker may master by merely a stone's throw;
But with all the advising and preaching you learn,
Nature is not changed, it is born.

Hilly, Willy, Wilpel, Ho.

The Jolly Tutor's (Violinist) Song.

I've plenty money of my own,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho.
My pocket-book has pretty well grown,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I saved the money I'd spent for beer,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
And every day put it in here,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I used to spend 10 cents a day,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
For cigars I smoked and throwed away,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

Besides I chewed just like a cow,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
That cost me too, but does not now,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I've money here and in the bank,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
I'm counted One, and not a blank,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

And the best of all, I'll tell you true,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho.
(You do not drink, I'll marry you,)
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

She is an heiress, and very fine,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
Lives on the hill, just over the Rhine,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

Look Out for the Locomotive.

Yes, look out for the locomotive,
It is a dangerous thing ;
If you happen to be in front of it,
When the bell does ring.

When you see it coming down the track,
Don't think it comes so slow ;
It's deceiving, and may break your back,
And every bone, you know.

It may toss you high in the air,
(For it is'nt easy to stop ;)
Or crush you, and you tear,
And you'd be hard to gather up.

Yes, look out for the locomotive,
At crossings, and when the bell does ring ;
For, it is powerfully big,
And you are a little thing.

The School House Flag. (Song.)

The flag does wave, wave o'er
The school house in the air,
Oh, the flag does wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher there.

Chorus—The flag does wave, wave o'er the
School house brave and bright,
Oh, the flag does wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher right.

Little children all in their glee,
Learning unwillingly. A, B, C ;
Others older, to read and write,
And other studies, which is right.

Chorus—The flag does wave, wave o'er the
School house brave and bright,
Oh, the flag does wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher right.

Chorus—So, let it wave, wave o'er the
School house in the air ;
Oh, let it wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher there.

Chorus—

Nellie Bly. (1890)

Why Nellie Bly, Nellie Bly,
Is this the way you roam,
Around the world, in so little time,
And arrive safe at home.

Just think, what you have seen,
That must have been so nice ;
The cities, the country, a delightful scene,
Next to Paradise.

Would I were a roamer,
A glimpse of your face to see,
I'm sure I'd see none handsomer,
That roved the world quicker than thee.

Then presented with a globe,
As honor due to you,
For the speed in which you rode,
Around the world to do.

The greatest feat of all,
That did the journey persue,
Being the winner of the ball,
That has been given to you.

The Wheels of the Old Wagon.

How cheerful are the thoughts of the scenes of my
youth,
Of that that I did see, and occasionally use,
A hauling in the grain, and hauling in the hay ;
Going some-where on the farm nearly every day.
And the noise of the old wagon ; I admired its sound,
Going, bearing its load, or empty around.
And the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

And when the hay was fit to haul,
And the sky showed signs of rain,
Then there was a hurrying call,
And our muscles we did strain ;
To store the hay before wet, was our desire to do,
So the girls were called upon, at times, to help us
through.
And the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

At times, on Saturday afternoon, when the work was
done,
We'd hitch up in the wagon, and all go to town,
And a pleasant time we had, for that way we then did
go,
For buggies and spring wagons, then, were very
scarce, you know ;
And we enjoyed ourselves as much, as much as we do
now,
If we went in a carriage, that the gloss would show
you bow ;

So the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

O'er many miles of field and many miles of road,
The old wagon has went empty, or else with a load ;
There were three merry cheers over the last load of
corn,

From us boys, as we hauled it to the barn.
At last the old wagon became nearly worn out.
And to repair it again, I was very much in doubt;
A neighbor then bought it, and repaired it neat and
sound ;
So the wheels of the old wagon go rolling, still rolling
around.

Jennie and I. (Song.)

Jennie and I will take a walk,
Down the lane, as we talk ;
Of times gone by,
Yes, Jennie and I.

Says Jennie to me, just look at that tree,
What a nice cool shade, under is laid.

So Jennie and I there did go,
Of course we talked, and smiled, you know.

Not only on the past, but the present too,
When a bird in the tree said, "I hear you."

So we left that tree, for fear that bird would tell,
What Jennie and I, now know well.

But as it's "you," that now does hear,
I'll tell you true, I do not fear.

There's going to be a 'wedding,' and before long.
It's Jennie and I ; this ends my song.

Chorus—Jennie and I, "did" take a walk,
Down the lane, just to talk ;
Of times gone by,
Yes, Jennie and I.

But we talked of the "future" too, you see,
And Jennie and I, married will be.

SPRING.

(In The Country.)

The fires are here, the fires are there,
Indeed they are a common thing;
The people in the fields every where,
Denote that it is Spring.

In the fields that now look bare,
The grass will soon be seen;
The flowers too, in beauty fair,
Will appear upon the scene.

The trees their leaves soon will bud,
Ere long they will look green;
Although they now appear as dead,
Their blossoms will soon be seen.

The farmer's boy does bare-foot go,
And merrily whistles through the day;
The turkey gobbler this don't like, you know,
He almost gobbles his life away.

The barn-yard rooster is anxious about his mates,
When some of them are out of sight;
He blames the house-yard rooster for his fate,
And to him rushes for a fight.

Their spurs and bills, at each other they send,
And indeed they make a very fierce fight;
But the barn-yard rooster, getting out of wind,
For his peaceful home, makes his flight.

The maiden her room does neatly prepare,
With flowers, in gaiety and delight;
For the young man who will court her there,
On the coming Saturday night.

The maid takes the milk to the barn for the calf,
And he of her finger tries to rob;
So in spite of him, (and with a laugh),
Withdraws it and places in the milk a cob.

He drinks, but in a skillful way, not,
It goes a long time till he gets his fill;
When suddenly, he makes a dive for the cob,
And the milk all over the maid does spill.

JOHN HAD A LITTLE COLT.

When John was a small boy,
A hobby-horse was his pride;
He thought it such a pretty toy,
And was proud when taking a ride.

His father had a pretty colt,
He kept it in a field;
From caresses it would not bolt,
But willingly and playfully yield.

The pretty colt was given to John,
He gave it the name of Gim;
And when it saw him, it would run
With all its might to him.

And when at noon, the time to feed,
And he, in the farthest corner;
If he heard "Gim," with lively speed,
He would come for his dinner.

And when grown to the age of three,
He was a beautiful roan;
From the hobby-horse, John's now free,
Gim's more pleasant to ride on.

Why is it Gim so willing duty does,
And is ever ready, John to obey;
Because John as willing kindness bestows,
And cares for him every day.

And you good people, one and all,
If you wish your horse his duty mind;
And make him follow at your call,
You should always treat him kind.

LOW AND HIGH.

(This may hit some of us.—Fun)

At times we feel low spirited,
Everything seems the wrong way ;
In the morning we wish 'twas evening,
In the evening we wish 'twas day.

Then again our feelings arise,
We know all: no one can us teach ;
We crowd the space 'twixt earth and skies,
And fill the world with speech.

“Whew!” we put on our best clothes,
Push out our chest and blow ;
And think, if no one will like us,
They can just let us go.

NEARING HEAVEN.

(’Tis supposed a young woman is sick ; within a few weeks of dying and is ready to go ; and is singing to others in the room)

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand,
And I’ll join that happy band ;
That happy band, for which I strove,
And I’ll have a home, in heaven above,
I’ll have a home in heaven above.

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand ;
And I’ll join that happy band,
That happy band ; grieve not ; the end is near,
O, ’twill not be long till I am there,
’Twill not be long till I am there.

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand ;
And I’ll join that happy band,
That happy band, that live forevermore ;
On that beautiful, O, that beautiful shore,
That beautiful, O, that beautiful shore.

POLITICS.

Politic's is well enough,
But only in its time ;
We (may) simply read the stuff,
It leaves no trace behind.

When it is read, it is done,
The paper is used, or thrown away ;
Of 50 men, there might be one,
That would pick it up, on their way.

Many men might be great,
If they'd write in some other way ;
But spend their time on politics,
That goes like smoke, away.

Now, couldn't we have less jaw,
And a part of the time, sing ;
God will govern his people to,
For He, of all, is king,

GOD A COMFORTER.

Little children on the road,
Going from place to place ;
With their mother. They've no abode,
No place to wash their face.

Their faces were dirty, I could see,
They sleep in depots, on the floor ;
Having no money, they must go free,
They'd freeze outside the door.

In a depot one Sunday morn,
I saw seven children and their mother ;
They'd no bundles to carry; and clothing torn,
But God, is a sure comforter.

Poor as these little children were,
They'd run about and play ;
Smiling—laughing—health was there,
Which equals money any day.

(January, 1895.)

WHO FORGIVES SINS?

There was a time when Christ was here,
By him sins were forgiven ;
But there's no one now on earth so dear,
There's only a God in heaven.

Have faith in Him, my dear friends,
Do the praying yourself ;
Then for your sins he'll make amends,
He's better than any one else.

THE OTHER SHORE.

When death, O, death, takes us from here,
We will, as when alive, again appear,
When Christ the summons to us shall give,
To arise again, have life and live.

Then is the time the Redeemer will tell
Whether we shall dwell in heaven or in hell,
Now, O, we living, should bear in mind,
That Christ to us is very kind.

To us he offers in heaven a home,
If we but him obey, and seek his throne,
So let us now, both one and all,
Hearken to his voice, and obey his call.

While yet we exist in this earthly state,
Before death removes us, and it's too late,
The short time upon earth, that to us is given,
Is nothing compared to forever in heaven ;
So, now, we urge you, of sin beware,
Prepare for eternity, for eternity prepare.

Sleep.

When no sleep is given to the eyes,
There's lack of feeling for exercise ;
And this not done, is much against health,
Besides, laboring not, bringeth in no wealth.

THE DISBELIEVER—(Infidel.)

Would you save your soul? Of ten disbelievers, there may be one that wants to fulfill (stick to) his belief until death, merely to show the world his pluck; feeling in his heart that he is wrong, and knowing he is going to hell. Alas my friends, I fear he will have a chance to try to show his pluck in a place that will try him hard. A man had better throw down his revolver (if he wishes to save his life) than to fight an army of well armed men; so it is with he, (the disbeliever). He had better give up that pluck—try and do right, than try to stand that terrible fire (that will not be quenched) in hell.

LOVE.

There is a binder whose name is love!
And with its words so kind,
It reaps the "forlorn" that would strove
Into despair, and from mankind.

This, by you, can be easily seen,
For when a person is meanly treated,
They love not work, nor a gay scene,
Because their courage has departed.

Yea, they'd seek the loneliest place,
If it were close by;
To regain strength from thoughts they'd have,
Or from a laugh or cry.

THE HORSE.

The horse, the valuable horse,
He should be treated kind,
Our words to him should not be cross,
We should'nt excite his mind.

How he labors in the field,
From the morning till the night,
And oft to curse and whip must yield,
Even when he does his might.

How he labors on the road,
And oft is insufficiently fed,
And forced to pull an overload,
When he can scarcely hold his head.

How his master he will obey,
When he knows he is his friend,
Will love him to his last day,
And labor for him to his end.

We should remember he is very good,
And indeed, it is an easy seeing,
He helps us earn a livelihood,
Is next in rank to a human being.

THE HOG.

How he loves to bury his snoot
In the ground, that he wants to root ;
His knowledge of fences, why bless your souls,
He cannot make them, but finds all the holes.
The swarms of fleas, that make him scratch,
He does not heed, in a potato patch.
If he sees some corn, just over the fence,
He at once does think of trying to get hence.
To and fro he goes, at last he enters, but
Not through the fence, but under it, through a rut,
He grunts and eats till he is full,
When the farmer comes, with his big dog, 'bull.'
Then he is run around, and made a sad fate,
Until he is let out, very rough, at the gate ;
As to the rut, he is wise, to keep secret about,
He wants that to get in, and the gate to get out.
Again and again, he goes in to the corn,
Until the farmer, enraged, pens him up with scorn.
Oft in summer, in a mud hole he lies.
Then the flies, and fleas, and the heat he defies.
He often has a little too much cheek,
For he will boldly lay in the middle of the street.
And if a carriage does come, or a man with a load,
He will not arise, so is boss of the road.
But in the winter, we kill him for pork ;
And so we are paid, for our trouble and work.

SALOONISTS.

Don't blame saloonists if men get drunk,
They've the same rights, as others, with work ;
Bakers have bread that we may eat,
Saloonists have drinks that we may drink ;
If we eat too much, dealers are not to blame,
If we drink too much, its all the same.

In poetry, we cannot all be alike ;
And much depends on the subject you strike,
Writing good on one popular, (once people it knows),
Its liked where you live, and wherever it goes.

Try to use a person so,
That if he or she should pass away,
There will no regret come from you,
Caused by your acts or say.

Odes to Neighbor Cities,

(I'm Familiar With.)

CANTON;--

Canton is a thriving town,
It's going up so fast,
If we humorously think, like a clown,
It might reach the heavens at last.

MASSILLON:—

Massillon is almost a level town,
And in some ways, has gained renown,
And is noted for coal, and farmer's pleasure,
Where they spend much time in summer and
winter.

AKRON:—

With its hills and vales so fine,
Its welcome to strangers, in its line,
Make it a place, pleasant to stay,
A good long while, ere you go away.

WOOSTER:—

That beloved little place,
With its good spring water,
Makes a person feel at ease,
And a desire to go no further.

MANSFIELD:—

That little town on a hill,
That you see from far away,
Has daughters that will fill the bill,
In beauty and manners, any day.

SANDUSKY:—

That little town at the lake,
In some ways, will take the cake;
Its noted for excursions, here and there,
On first-class boats at very low fare.

CANAL DOVER.—

Little girls and boys go to schools
In the morning, that they are free
From idleness; and learn the rules,
(From pretty school-marms,) and A, B, C.

NEW PHILADELPHIA:—

On two large leaves in the yard,
(A woman was pouring water,)
Large enough to give me shade,
If with some lovely daughter.

NAVARRE, O.:—

A little town with canal and river,
Near the home of this author;
For rapid growth, it does not take;
But its people generally, are wide awake.

THE WORLD, (IN GENERAL.):—

Is a place to live and die,
Between the earth and the sky,
Then another, bad or well,
This is called heaven or hell.

TELEPHONED.

I'll stay away, till a "beard" I've grown,
That when I return, I'll not be known.

Now, since I've give you my poetry,
(Which was not so easy to write,)
I'll jump a train for the country,
And say Good-Day, or Night.

FAREWELL.

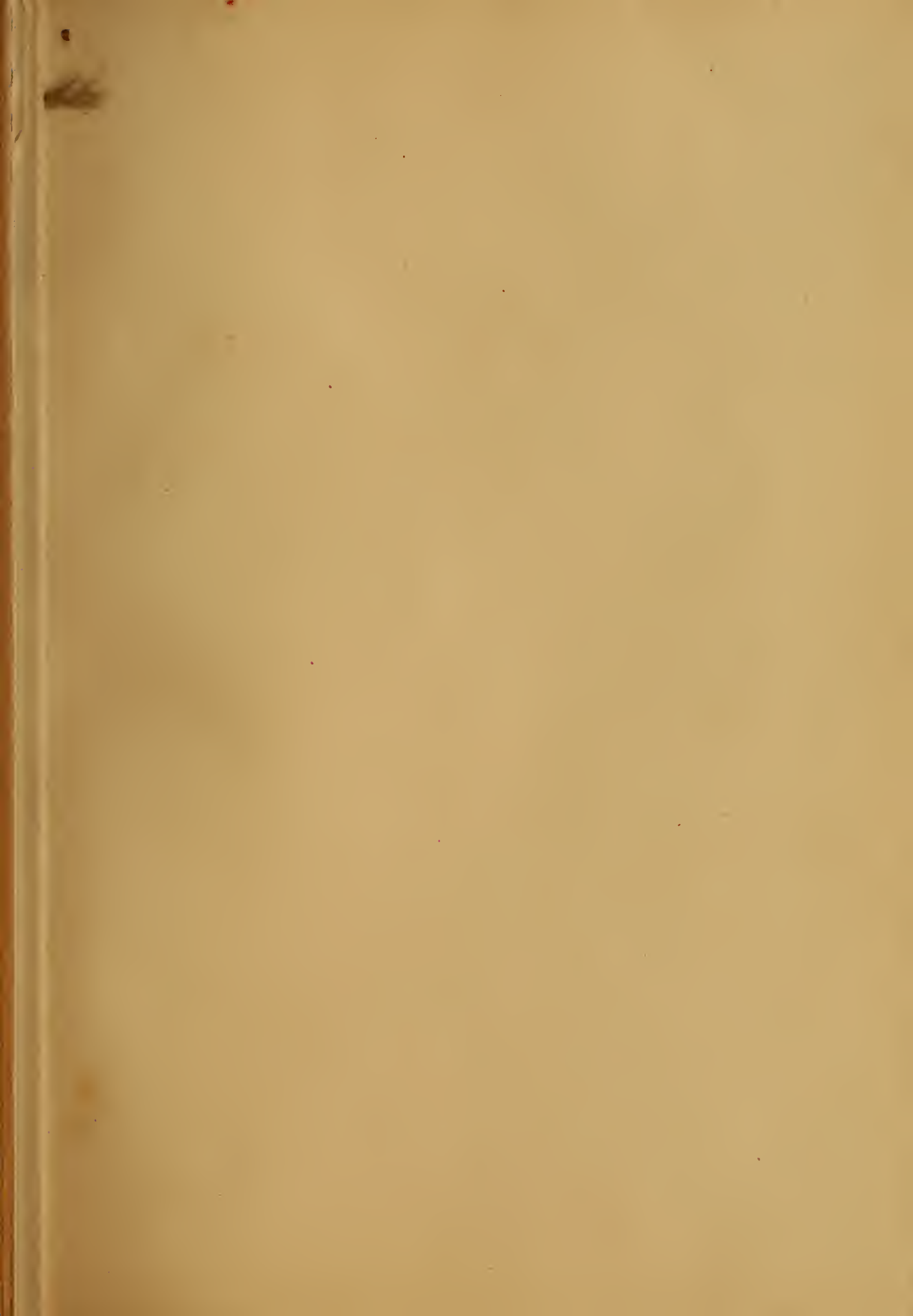
P. S.:—

To Readers of this Book.

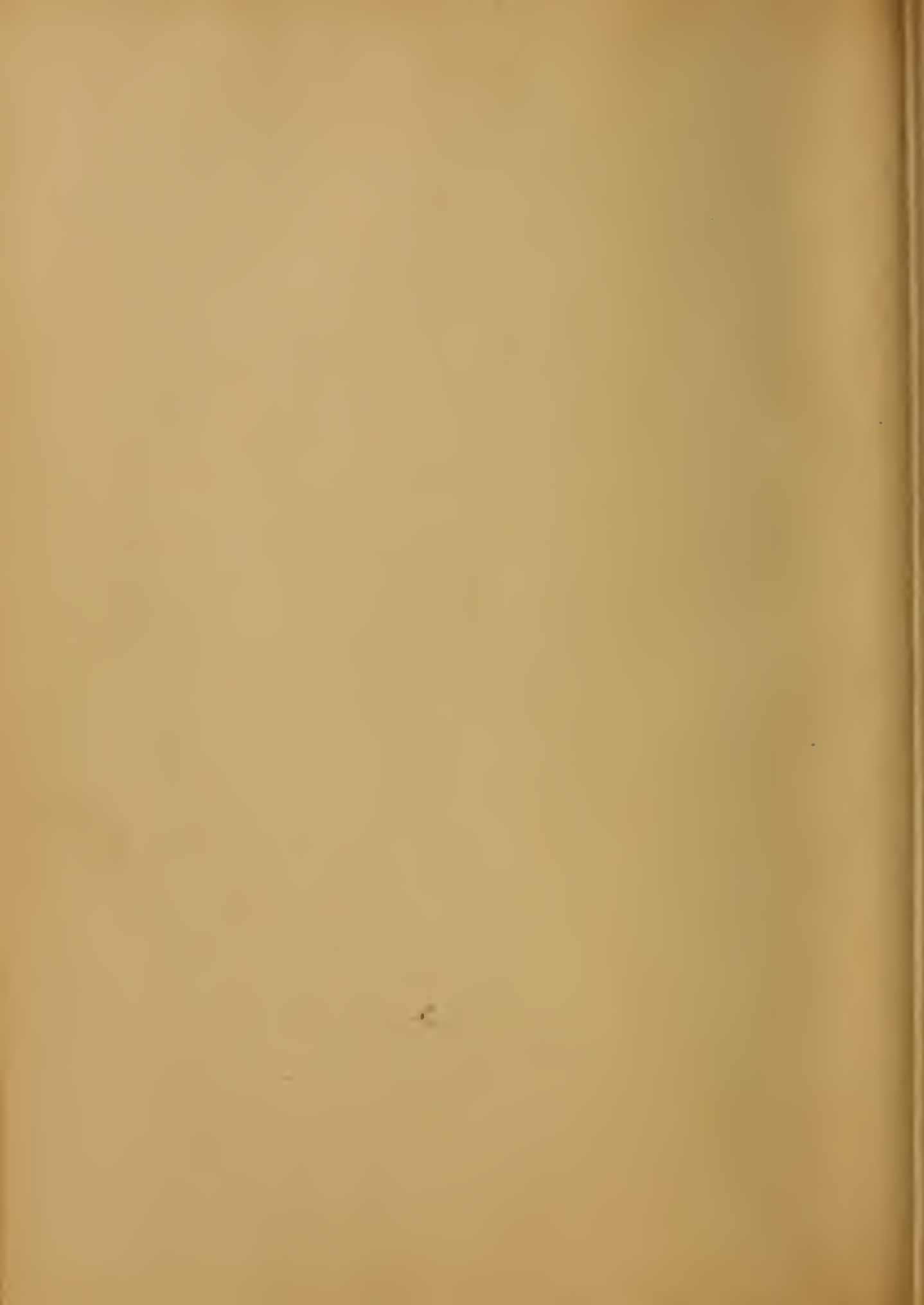
I do not like praise,
Nor a frown, (Look,—
Just use me like in days,
Before you read this book.)

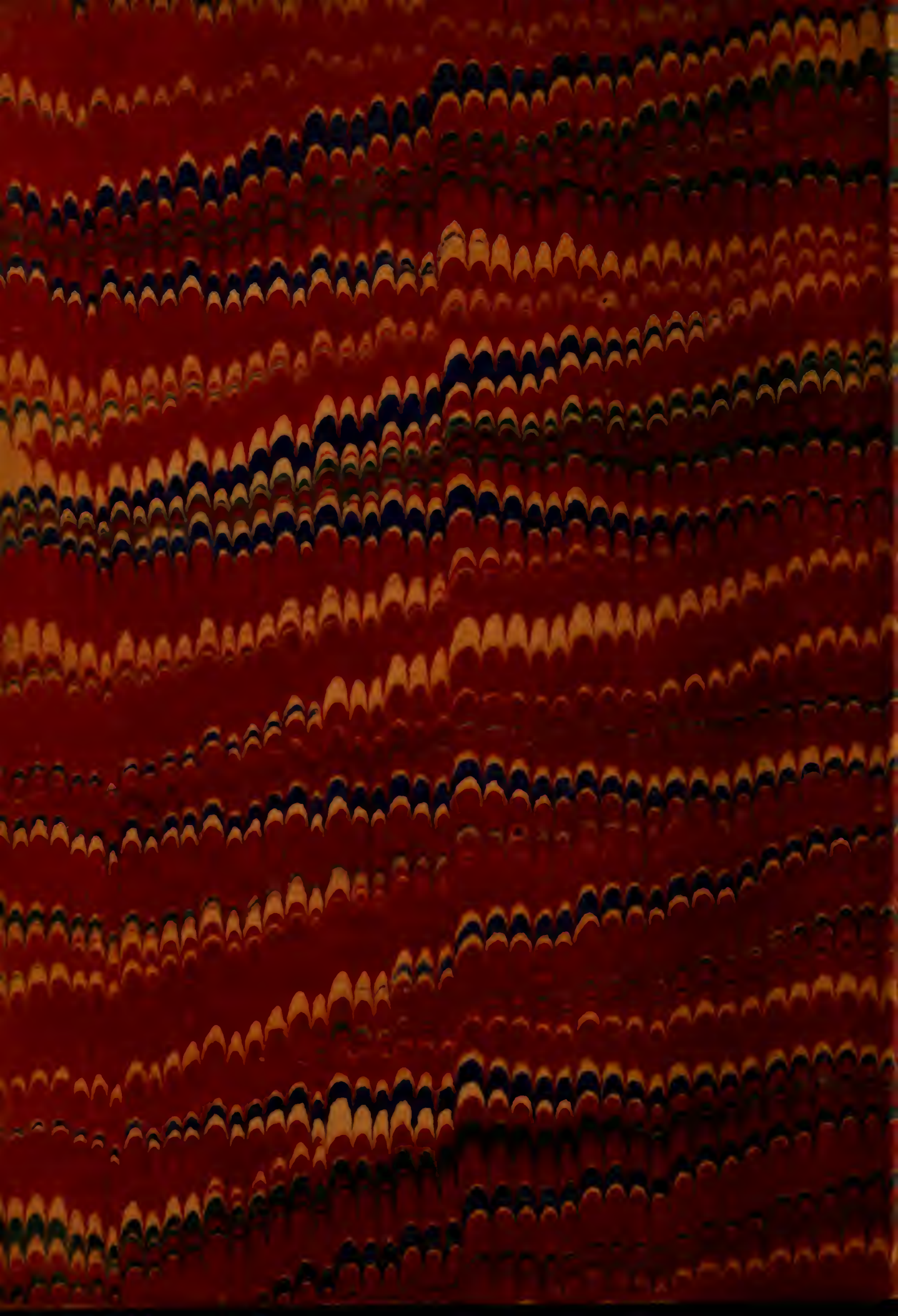


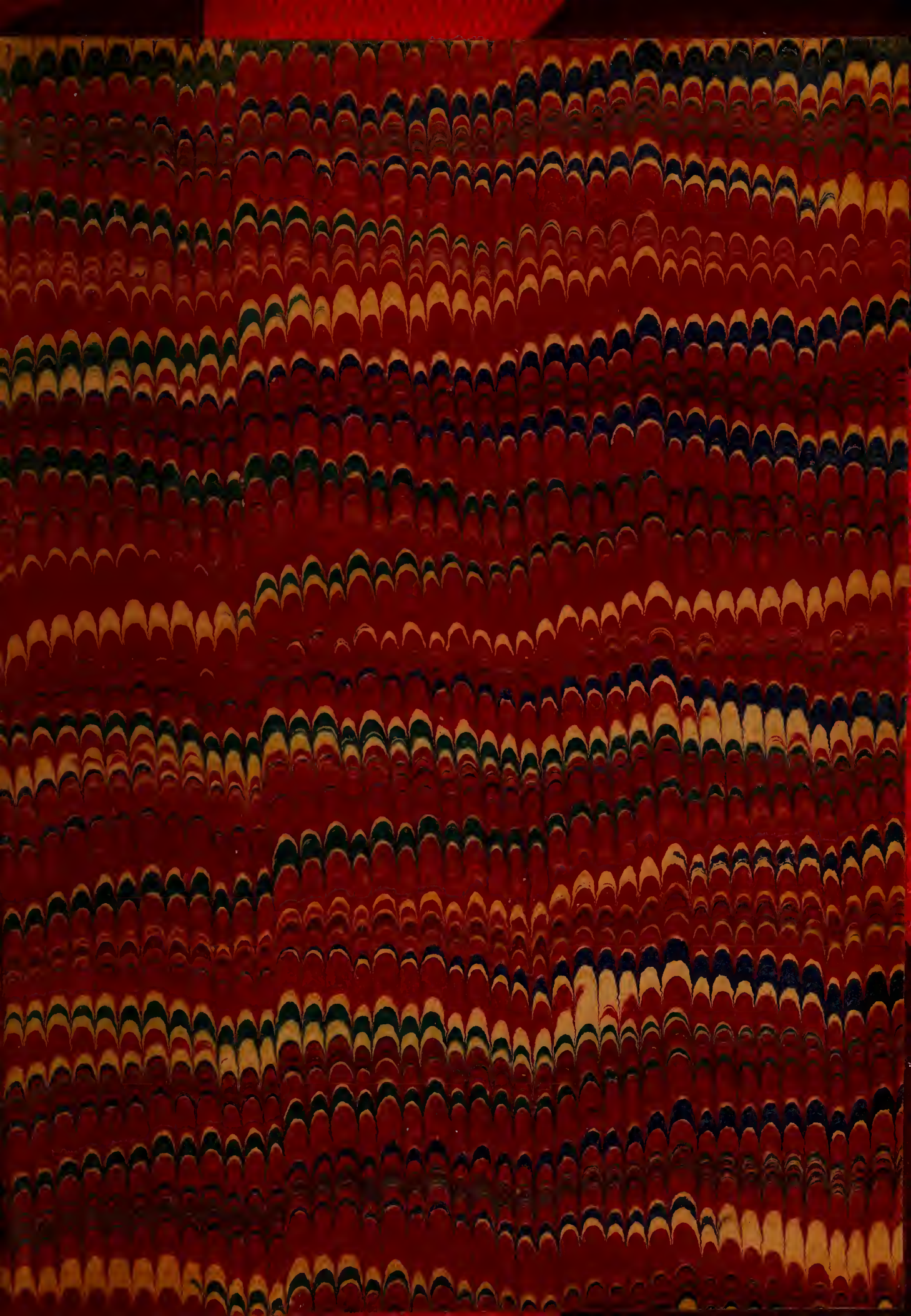












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